

# Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLVI.—NO. 4. NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 5, 1913. WHOLE NUMBER 8,690.

## The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—  
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
JOHN P. SANBORN, } Editors.  
A. H. SANBORN, }

102 THAMES STREET,  
NEWPORT, R. I.  
THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1838, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest daily in the English language. It is a large paper, containing forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading, editorial, State, and general news, well selected, and presented in a clear and concise manner. It is a valuable paper to the advertiser, and a valuable paper to the reader. It is a paper that is worth its weight in gold.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HONOLULU SOCIETY—Andrew S. McKee, President; Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays, 12, 10.  
ADRIAN THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 4, 13.  
NEWBORN LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin; Keeper of Records and Seal, Meets 1st and 3d Fridays. 12, 10.  
DAVIS DIVISION, No. 3, U. C. R. of P.—Rt. Light Captain F. A. O. E. R. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays. 7, 11.  
NEWPORT LODGE, No. 220, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Alvin Lack, President; Louis W. Kravitz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. 12, 10.  
J. J. Josephson, L. O. O. F., President; Joe. Han. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays. 12, 10.

## Local Matters.

### Board of Aldermen.

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Wednesday evening was quite a busy one, among the subjects discussed being Beach matters, bill boards, cab charges, and ice prices. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved, and the board decided to go to the Beach Sunday morning, to see what contracts had been finished and could be approved for payment.

A cab driver was before the board, charged with over-charging his passenger. He promised to do right and was let off with a warning. There was considerable talk about the new bill board regulations, and it was finally voted to instruct the city solicitor to take action against all bill boards erected illegally.

There was a long discussion over the price of ice in Newport. Mr. Hayes, representing the Newport Ice Company, was present and explained the reasons for the present price, saying that there are four companies selling ice in Newport and therefore no monopoly. He explained the cost of ice in Maine, the shrinkage and cost of handling. Some of his statements were disputed by some of those present, and it was finally decided to appoint a committee, consisting of Aldermen Albro and Hughes to investigate the situation further.

There were exciting times on board the battleship Louisiana in Narragansett Bay on Wednesday and had it not been for the prompt and courageous action of her engine room force the result might have been the destruction of the vessel, with a consequent loss of life. For some reason unknown, an injecting valve gave way and allowed a powerful stream of water to pour into the engine room. The engineers and assistants were hurried from their feet, but after a strenuous fight of several hours finally stopped the inflow. In the meantime messages for help were sent to Newport and tugs were dispatched to her assistance.

The weather of the past few days has been the hottest known in Newport for a number of years, but at that there have been no prostrations reported. In the city people have fallen by the wayside beneath the intense heat but in Newport it has been merely a trifling discomfort during the day. There have been good breezes at night.

Mr. Samuel Stephens Sande, who was killed by his automobile at South Hampton, L. I., on Wednesday night, was well known to Newport. He was a son of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., by his first husband.

Last Sunday was observed as Arcadian Memorial Day by the members of Coronet Council, No. 93, of this city. Flowers were placed on the graves of all the deceased members in this city.

The contract for carrying the mails between Newport and Wickford for the next four years has been awarded to the New England Steamship Company, owners of the General.

Mr. John H. Jovet of Cincinnati celebrated his sixty-third birthday at "The Manor," on Mt. Vernon street on Thursday.

### "Progressive" Meeting a Fizzle.

Theodore Roosevelt, one time President of the United States, and the self-appointed leader of the "Progressive" party, has been in Newport this week. To a man of his disposition, who loves the limelight more than does the most stage-struck actor, the visit must have been a keen disappointment. He had been assured that there would be a great outpouring of the people of the whole country to hear him, and the occasion was to be a great gathering of Progressive leaders to make their plans for the future of their party. A great tent was erected on the beach, to accommodate the crowds who were expected to enter at a dollar apiece, but after the doors had been thrown open without price the tent was practically empty. Elaborate preparations had been made to feed the multitude that was expected; a contract having been made for several thousand plates at the clubhouse at the beach, but the crowd failed to materialize.

The committee in charge had got Newporters somewhat stirred up. If Newporters can ever be said to be really stirred up by anything for sleeping quarters for the crowd that would remain over night, and by telling about the special trains and special leaders that would be engaged to bring the vast throng to Newport. Restaurants laid in an extra supply of food, all those who had rooms to rent had them especially fixed up, and in fact everybody made preparations to handle a crowd. The highway department had a special cleaning of the city, the police department had special men to assist in handling the throng, and the street railway company had a double track built especially to handle the crowd. In order to avoid confusion special routes to and from the beach were designated. And then the crowd did not come.

It was a complete fizzle as far as crowds were concerned, the number at the beach on Wednesday probably being less than on any pleasant Sunday of this or last summer. The street during the forenoon of Wednesday, when the crowds were supposed to be assembling in the city, looked like a deserted village. An occasional empty cab or omnibus would pass through the street hurrying from boat to train, and in the hope of catching a fare, but they were few and far between. The only indication of any activity of interest in the affair outside the city came in the increased number of automobiles which came into the city, but even this number would have been small for a Sunday.

Down at the beach elaborate preparations had been made. At the extreme east end of the beach, a vast tent had been erected, having been hired in Chicago by the committee of arrangements. This would seat several thousand people and was equipped with regular circus seats. The task of erecting it was a big one even though no floor was laid, the sand being wet down to make it pack firmly. This was for the first gathering where Roosevelt delivered his address on "The Navy." As soon as it was seen that the big tent would be practically empty, all on the beach were invited to enter, no demand being made for the dollar tickets.

For the big clam bake the convention hall had been cleared out and that had been made a part of the dining room. Four thousand persons were expected, but even with the transient diners there were hardly more than a thousand persons seated. There was political speaking at the dinner, Senator Albert J. Beveridge being the first speaker.

There were many newspaper men in Newport to cover the big gathering, and to say that they were disgusted is to put it mildly. Two moving picture machines were at work at the beach, but they found little to do. There was some decorating done in the heart of the city, a large part of it being on the elgar stores and saloons, comparatively few of the larger business places being decorated.

According to the official programme (of which 10,000 had been printed) Tuesday was to be devoted to three Progressive conferences at the Channing parlors. This was finally reduced to one, and that one did not amount to a great deal, the great leaders of the "party" in the country being conspicuous by their absence.

There were quite a few of the "Progressive" leaders seated at the head-table in the dining hall, and several of them were scheduled for speeches, but owing to the difficulty in holding the crowd it was decided to have only a few speakers. Senator Beveridge's speech delayed the bus, but after it was completed Col. Roosevelt made his address on the Progressive party.

B. F. Fridge of Mississippi also spoke, his address having to do with the regret that the Democratic party felt at losing him, and a suggestion to peccon the older negroes of the South.

After the bake, many of those present had an opportunity to shake hands

with the Colonel. He left in a little while for the Naval Training Station, where a battalion drill was given in his honor. He left Newport on the Fall River Line steamer in the evening.

There was not much enthusiasm shown on Thursday in the gatherings scheduled for the day in the big convention hall at the beach. The morning conference was devoted to "Conservation," the announced speakers being Herbert Knox Smith, Mrs. Edith Elliott Smith, Dr. Lewis Friesell, Philip P. Wells and Governor Robert P. Bass. The afternoon topic was "Social and Industrial Justice."

### The Ice Situation.

The ice situation in Newport is engrossing the attention of a considerable portion of the people and city officials just at present. The board of trade and the city authorities have taken the matter up, and City Solicitor Sullivan went to Providence to present the situation to the Attorney General of the State.

It appears that there is not any competition in the local ice business to speak of, and complaint was heard that fishermen would not come here to land their catch because they could buy ice cheaper elsewhere. On hearing considerable complaint, a special meeting of the directors of the board of trade was held on Saturday afternoon, and Mayor MacLeod and City Solicitor Sullivan were present by invitation. The situation was talked over, and it was the sense of the meeting that the price should not be much higher here than in other places. It was voted to request Mayor MacLeod to instruct the City Solicitor to go to Providence and lay the facts before the attorney general; also to appoint a committee to prepare plans to relieve the present situation, the committee being Ernst Voigt, John R. Austin and Harry A. Thius.

### Superior Court.

The Superior Court has continued to drag its June session along during the past week, Judge Stearns presiding. Monday was devoted to the case of Percy T. Bailey vs. W. Cannon Swan, an action to recover for damages alleged to have been done by chicken trespassing on plaintiff's land. The jury found a verdict for the defendant.

On Tuesday there was no session, on account of illness of a stenographer. On Wednesday the case of Mary B. Caswell vs. the Town Treasurer of Jamestown was heard by a jury. This was an action to recover for an alleged over-assessment of taxes in the Town of Jamestown, which was paid under protest.

Thursday noon the jury reported a verdict for the plaintiff in the Caswell-Jamestown case, and the court then adjourned to meet according to law, the long June session having at last come to a close.

The first burglary of the season was reported on Monday, although it is not believed that the burglar secured enough to pay him for his trouble. It was about 10:30 Monday forenoon that the burglar alarm rang in the caretaker's cottage. Mr. Marland and several gardeners hurried to the big house and found a window had been opened. They were unable to find anybody about and nothing appeared to have been disturbed inside the house. Word was sent to the Police Station and Inspector Tobin hurried to the scene, but whoever opened the window had disappeared from the locality.

The Art Association of Newport has entered upon its second year of work, and has elected Walter Cotes Cabell president, Mrs. John Elliott secretary and Charles Biesel treasurer. The art council consists of John Elliot, William Sergeant Kendall and Albert Sterner, and the associate members of the council are Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, Rev. John B. Diman, and Hartford W. H. Powell.

Many individuals and organizations in Newport have united to extend an invitation to meet in Newport next July to the National Division of North America of the Sons of Temperance. If the invitation is accepted there will be about 100 people come here for three days.

Steamer New Shoreham is no longer operated by the New England Steamship Company, but the Town of New Shoreham again has charge of the vessel. Purser J. Elmer Payne is acting as manager of the line for the present.

At the annual encampment of the Department of Rhode Island, United Spanish War Veterans, held in Woodstock last Saturday, Marshall W. Hall of this city was elected Department Commander.

Mr. Harry Leclercq is suffering from a badly injured knee as the result of a fall from his motor cycle last Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Darrish have returned from an extended trip through the Middle West.

### Independence Day.

Friday, July 4th, is the great national holiday and therefore the Mercury is printed Thursday evening instead of Friday as is customary. In consequence it is not possible at this time to give any account of the events of the Fourth. The programme, as arranged by the aldermanic committee, gives promise of being one of unexcelled quiet. The committee did not even arrange for the usual street parade, possibly because the ships were not in the bay.

The programme of the day called for the ringing of the city bells from 6.00 to 6.30 a. m., 12.00 to 12.30, and 6.00 to 6.30 p. m. If anyone wishes to know whether or not this was carried out, he can inquire on Saturday of anyone who lives directly under one of the bells.

The second event of the programme was the series of boat races in the harbor and lower bay under the auspices of the Newport Yacht Club. There were several classes arranged with a sufficient number of entries in each class to insure interesting racing if the weather is favorable. The hour set for the starting gun was 10 o'clock. At the same time King Hoinestead park was to be the scene of children's sports, and a good programme of events had been arranged.

The vocal and orchestral concert of patriotic selections from 11 to 12 o'clock gave promise of being something out of the usual for Newport, but the committee were obliged to substitute a band concert on account of lack of volunteers. At noon a tremendous bang was promised, when all the forts, ships, government stations, and other places equipped with one or more cannon were to join in firing the national salute.

From 2.00 to 4.00 o'clock the programme called for athletic sports at Morton Park for money prizes. These always draw a good number of entrants and generally provide good sport. A band was to be in attendance at the Park to furnish music. At 5.00 o'clock a cutter race, open to apprentice seamen only, was scheduled. Inasmuch as there has been much rivalry at the Training Station ever since the last race, a lively contest was expected.

A big display of fireworks was planned for the evening, between 8.00 and 9.00 o'clock, to take place on the lot at the west end of the beach. The committee had made ample provision in money for the purchase of a fine display of fireworks and if the contractor should live up to his agreement a splendid show was expected. This feature was the last on the programme, except for the band concerts in the various parks.

The Society of the Cloveknout in the State of Rhode Island planned its usual observance of the day. The business meeting at 10.30, at the Old State House was the morning feature, this being for members of the Society only. In the afternoon the public was expected to attend the meeting in the representative chamber in the old State House, when Professor William MacDonald of Brown University was scheduled to deliver the principal address, and Hon. William Palmer Sheffield to read the Declaration of Independence. In the evening the programme called for the usual banquet at the Newport Casino, at which responses would be made to the original thirteen toasts of the Society.

Preparations had been made for the handling of a large crowd of visitors to the city, and if the weather should be pleasant many more would probably come than during the Roosevelt fiasco of the preceding days.

Monday was the last day for registering at the City Hall in order to be able to vote during the next twelve months, but inasmuch as there is no State election during the coming year there was a very marked indifference to the matter of registration. There were some workers out and the city committee accomplished a great deal on the last day, the total number registered for the year being 928, of which 288 were registered on the closing day. This was a little more than 600 below the number for the previous year, when there was a Presidential election in addition to the regular State election. This year there will probably be only the city election, and all that the registry voter can vote for at that election is the Mayor and for members of the school committee. Of course there is always a possibility that some unforeseen cause may require a special election during the twelve months, in which case the voters may be sorry that they did not register.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon King and their two daughters have returned from Europe and are at their new cottage on Oakwood Terrace.

The next yearly meeting of the New England Society of Friends will be held in Vassalboro, Maine.

Mrs. T. Shaw Safe has sailed for Europe to spend the summer.

### Recent Deaths.

Captain Benjamin Nichols, a retired officer of the Fall River Line, and a well known resident of Newport, died quite suddenly in Jamestown on Sunday. He had been boarding in that town for some time, his wife having died last fall and his daughter having been married in the spring, so that he was quite alone. He was subject to attacks of heart weakness, and finally succumbed to a particularly violent attack.

Captain Nichols had had a busy and adventurous career. Born on Cape Cod some eighty-six years ago, he was early impressed by the tales of the sea, and when only fifteen years of age shipped as a boy on a coasting vessel. Within a year he shipped for a long whaling voyage to the waters south of the equator and for the next ten years devoted himself to whaling, meeting many adventures in all parts of the world. His first connection with the Fall River Line of steamers was in 1852, and since that time most of his time had been spent in steamboating in northern waters, although not always with the Fall River Line. Even this life was not devoid of thrilling experiences for he was in a number of serious accidents. He was retired by the Fall River Line in 1904.

Captain Nichols married a sister of Benjamin F. Edmund J., and Fred B. Tanner. She died last fall, and her loss was felt very keenly. He is survived by two daughters, Mrs. George S. Fisher, of Orangeville, Mass., and Mrs. G. W. Ralston of Providence.

Mrs. Stephen A. Gardner.

Mrs. Mary Clarke Gardner, widow of Captain Stephen A. Gardner, died at her home in New London on Monday. She had been in poor health for a couple of weeks, but a fatal termination of her illness had not been expected and her death came as a great shock to her many friends in this city as well as in New London.

Mrs. Gardner was a native Newporter, being a daughter of the late Robert Sherman and a granddaughter of the late Benjamin B. Howland, who was for many years town clerk of Newport. Some time after her marriage to the late Captain Gardner she removed to New London where she had since made her permanent home, without the paid frequent visits to Newport. She was a sister of the late B. B. H. Sherman and of Miss Elizabeth G. Sherman.

Mrs. Gardner is survived by several sons and daughters—J. Howland Gardner, vice president of the New England Steamship Company; Charles C. Gardner, agent for the New Haven, and; Mrs. William Reyer, Miss Susan Gardner, Miss Mary Gardner, Stephen A., Robert B. and Harry C. Gardner.

A peddler's outfit, belonging to some of the David family, was wrecked early Monday forenoon, and that no one was seriously injured was somewhat remarkable. The horse and wagon were coming down John street, when the harness broke and a wild dash down the hill followed. At the foot of the hill the horse dashed into the heavy fence about the street railway waiting room, breaking its neck and dying instantly. Had a car been standing on the turnout the result might have been terrible.

Canonchet Lodge, No. 2489, G. U. O. O. F., observed its thirtieth anniversary at Masonic Hall on Monday evening, a large number of members and guests being present to enjoy the programme. Col. D. B. Allen presided, and an excellent entertainment was given. Dancing followed, and refreshments were served.

It looks like a good season in Newport this summer. Many of the large houses were opened unusually early, and the large entertainments began earlier than usual. There was a large crowd of people in the Avenue section of the city over the Fourth and many entertainments were planned for that day.

The engagement has been announced of Miss May Van Allen, daughter of Mr. James J. Van Allen, to Mr. Griswold A. Thompson of New York. The wedding will probably take place in England in the fall.

Mr. Aston Phelps Stokes, who died in New York last Saturday, was the owner of the Mintonoom Hill property in this city. He was well known in social circles in Newport.

The new uniforms for the Newport Artillery Company have arrived but will require slight alterations before they are wholly acceptable to the company.

The new summer police have gone on duty and will continue until after Labor Day.

Commodore Gerry has arrived at "Seaverg" with his family for the season.

Mr. Rodenck MacLeod has sailed for Europe to be gone for three months.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) Services at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday were in commemoration of the national holiday. In the afternoon, Rev. Edward E. Wells, preached upon "The Christian's Warfare" in the evening the talk was upon "Some of our National Dangers and our Opportunities." The hymns were devoted to praise and concluded with "America." The ladies' trio sang two patriotic selections, Miss Sadie E. Peckham acted as organist and was accompanied by Mr. Frank T. Peckham, cousin. Miss Sadie E. Peckham accompanied the trio upon the piano. Rev. Mr. Wells was asked to speak through July, in the morning, before the men on the flag ship "Wyoming." He began the series of talks on last Sunday.

The monthly meeting of Holy Cross Guild last week was devoted to a all day session, the ladies bringing basket lunches. The same plan will be followed this month as the members are preparing for the annual lawn party, August 6th.

Rev. Latta Griswold is to accompany Rev. Hugh Breckhead to a summer trip abroad. They are to sail next week returning in season for the opening of St. George's School on Sept. 24th. Rev. John B. Diman will supply at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel during a portion of the summer.

Mr. George Wyall, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wyall, was among the graduates at the Rogers and Allen Commercial College Fall River, last week. He received a diploma last year for completing the commercial course, and one this year in the special short hand course. He was engaged before the end of the term and began his duties in Fall River immediately after graduation.

The organ recital at the Methodist Church have been discontinued until September. It is expected that Mrs. Edward Talley, a prominent musician, organist in Providence, will be heard there in the fall.

Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham, who sailed on July 12 for Zurich, Switzerland, was heard from at the Azores Islands June 18. A pleasant trip was reported.

The annual strawberry festival at Aquidneck Grange was largely attended. Preceding the supper, at the conclusion of the usual business session, Mr. Benjamin W. H. Peckham Jr. rendered two songs, being accompanied by his wife, Mr. Fred P. Webster gave a reading. Mrs. Marie Vanicek gave two piano numbers and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham a group of McDowell's songs. The supper was followed by dancing, music by Miss Vanicek, Miss August Murphy, and Miss Winifred Peckham. Mrs. E. A. Peckham will conduct an evening open "Patriotism" at the July meeting on Thursday, July 10.

The Peabody School closed its extra week on Friday of last week and the children had an enjoyable picnic in the school yard in the afternoon. The teacher, Miss F. L. Phinney, has accepted a position as principal at the Bridgeport school, Tiverton, and will begin her duties there in September. Her three years' efficient service in Middletown has been much appreciated. Two other teachers, who have been here two years, have also resigned, Miss Anna H. Barton of the Wilber School, who is engaged at the Warren grammar, and her sister, Miss Ruth Barton, assistant in the primary department at the Oliphant School, who expects to take a course next year at Pembroke College.

Mrs. Bertina Newton, a daughter of the late Henry Congdon who now resides at Kennett and Raymond, of Providence, are occupying the Hattaway Cottage for the summer.

An new organ has been installed at the Middletown church in April, and a vested choir formed at the church. Newport at about the same time, the committee on arrangements for the summer meeting of the Methodist Social Union planned to give them prominent place on the program. Favorite hymns by the vested choir, alternated with several organ selections by Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell. The soloists from the choir were Miss Mae Stebbins, Miss Mabel Simpson, and Mr. Nelson R. Dony. The address was made by Rev. J. Ralph Magee, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Taunton. His subject was "People you remember, and why." The evening's program was preceded by the annual strawberry supper, conducted by Mrs. Ida M. Brown. The evening gathering filled not only the auditorium but the large Sunday School room and adjoining reception room, some 200 people being present. Mr. Fred F. Webster, president of the Social Union, conducted the evening session, Rev. Joseph Cooper offering prayer.

### PORTSMOUTH.

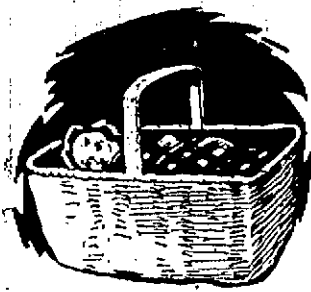
(From our Regular Correspondent.)

St. Anthony's Church was filled with guests at the marriage of Miss Helen Geraldine Corcoran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Corcoran, to Mr. Henry F. Finnigan. A high nuptial mass was sung, Rev. Father Rooney, the pastor, assisted by Rev. Joseph Bache as deacon, and Rev. Manuel Barros as subdeacon, celebrating the mass. The choir was from Fall River and was composed of friends of the bride and groom. The flower girls led the wedding procession, Miss Lillian F. Ebbett in white with pink ribbons, carrying a basket of pink roses, and Miss Clara E. Murphy dressed in white with white ribbons carrying roses. The maid of honor, Miss Mary Veronica Corcoran, sister of the bride, followed. She wore a gown of pink with a white hat. The bride came leaning on the arm of her father. She wore a handsome gown of white silk cloth, en train, and a long tulle veil and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mr. John J. Murphy, of Rockdale, Mass., was the best man, while Joseph T. Corcoran, brother of the bride and John Donovan acted as ushers. After the ceremony the guests went by automobile to the home of the bride on Willow Lane where a reception was held and a wedding breakfast was served on the lawn.

# DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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## CHAPTER IV.

The Spreader of Glad Tidings.

HANK tetter, he jests looks Hank over calm and easy and slow before he answers, and he wrinkles up his face like he never seen anything like Hank before. Then he fetches a kind of aggravating smile, and he says:

"Beneath a shady chestnut tree  
The village blacksmith stands,  
The smith, a pleasant soul is he  
With warts upon his hands."

He glares at Hank hard and solemn and serious while he is saying that poetry at him. Hank fidgets and turns his eyes away, but the feller touches him on the breast with his finger and makes him look at him.

"My honest friend," says the feller, "I am not a preacher. Not right now, anyhow. No! My mission is spreading the glad tidings of good health. Look at me, and he awells his chest up and keeps a-bolt of Hank's eyes with his'n. "You behold before you the discoverer, manufacturer and proprietor of Siwash Indian Sagraw, na-



"Stick out your tongue!"

There's own remedy for Bright's disease, rheumatism, liver and kidney trouble, catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, ringworm, erysipelas, lung fever, typhoid, eczema, dandruff, stomach trouble, dyspepsia. And they was a lot more of 'em."

"Well," says Hank, sort of backing up as the big man come nearer and nearer to him, jest natchurally bullying him with them eyes. "I got none of them there complaints."

The doctor he kind of snarls and he brings his hand down hard on Hank's shoulder and he says:

"There are more things betwixt Dan and Borealachi than was ever dreamt of in thy sagacity, Romeo!" Or they was words to that effect, for that doctor was just plumb full of Scripper quotations. And he sings out sudden, giving Hank a shove that nearly pushes him over. "Min alive!" he yells, "you don't know what disease you may have! Hank's the strong man I've seen rejoicing in his strength at the dawn of day cut down like the grass in the field before sunset," he says.

Hank he's trying to look the other way, but that doctor won't let his eyes wiggle away from his'n. He says very sharp, "Stick out your tongue!"

Hank he sticks her out.

The doctor he takes some glasses out'n his pocket and puts 'em on, and he fetches a long look at her. Then he opens his mouth like he was going to say something and shuts it agin like his feelings won't let him. He puts his arm across Hank's shoulder affectionate and sad, and then he turns his head away like they was some one dead in the family. Finally he says:

"I thought so. I saw it. I saw it in your eyes when I first drove up. I hope," he says very mournful, "I can't come too late."

Hank he turns pale. He is getting sorry for Hank himself. I seen now why I liked him so easy. Any one could tell from that doctor's actions Hank was as good as a dead man already. But Hank he makes a big effort, and he says:

"Shucks! I'm sixty-eight years old, doctor, and I haven't never had a sick day in my life." But he was awful uneasy too.

The doctor he says to the feller with him, "Loosey, bring me one of the sample size."

Loosey brings it, the doctor never taking his eyes off Hank. He handed it to Hank, and he says:

"A whisky glassful three times a day, my friend, and there is a good chance for even you. I give it to you without money and without price."

"You have I got?" asks Hank.

"You have spual meangids," says the doctor, never batting an eye.

"Will this here cure me?" says Hank.

"It'll cure anything," says the doctor. Hank he says "Shucks" agin, but he took the bottle and pulled the cork

out and smelt it right thoughtful. And what them fellers had stopped at our place fur was to have the shoe of the high boss's off him foot nailed on, which it was most ready to drop off. Hank he done it for a regulation, dollar size bottle, and they drove on into the village.

Right after supper I goes downtown. They was in front of Smith's Palace hotel. They was jest starting up when I got there. "Well, fair, that doctor was a sight. He didn't have his duster on to him, but his stovepipe hat was, and one of them long Prince-Alfred coats nearly to his knees and shiny shoes, but his vest was cut out holler fur to show his bled shirt, and it was the pinkest shirt I ever see, and in the middle of that they was a diamond as big as Uncle Pat Bickley's wen, what was one of the town sights. No, sir; they never was a man with more genuine fashionableness sticking out all over him than Dr. Kirby. He jest fairly watered in it."

I hadn't paid no perticular attention to the other feller with him when they stopped at our place, excepting to notice he was kind of slim and black haired and funny complected. But I seen now I oughter looked closer. Fur I'll be damned if he weren't an Injun! There he set, under that there gasoline lamp the wagon was all lit up with, with moosehorns on, and beads and shells all over him, and the gaudiest turkey tail of feathers rain-bowing down from his head you ever see, and a blanket around him that was gaudier than the feathers. And he shined and rattled every time he moved.

That wagon was a bull opey house to itself. It was rolled out in front of Smith's Palace hotel without the horses. The front part was filled with bottles of medicine. The doctor, he begun business by taking out a long brass horn and tooting on it. They was about a dozen come, but they was mostly boys. Then him and the Injun picked up some banjoes and sung a comic song out loud and clear. And they was another dozen or so come. And they sung another song, and Pop Wilkins, he closed up the postoffice and come over, and the other two veterans of the Grand Army of the Republics that always plays checkers in there nights come along with him. But it wasn't much of a crowd, and the doctor he looked sort of worried. I had a good place, right near the hind wheel of the wagon, where he rested his foot occasional, and I seen what he was thinking. So I says to him:

"Dr. Kirby, I guess the crowd is all gone to the circus agin tonight." And all them fellers there seen I knowed him.

"I guess so, Rube," he says to me. And they all laughed 'cause he called me Rube, and I felt kind of look down.

Then he lit in to tell about that Injun medicine. First off he told how he come to find out about it. It was the father of the Injun what was with him had showed him, he said. And it was in the days of his youthfulness, when he was wild and a cowboy on the plains of Oregon. Well, one night he says, they was an awful fight on the plains of Oregon, where they them is, and he got plugged full of bullet holes. And his boss run away with him, and he was carried off, and the boss was going at a dead run, and the blood was running down on to the ground. And the wolves smelt the blood and took out after him, yipping and howling something frightful to hear, and the boss he kicked out behind and killed the lead wolf, and the others stopped to eat him up, and while they was eating him the boss gained a quarter of a mile. But they eat him up, and they was gaining agin, fur the smell of human blood was on the plains of Oregon, he says, and the sight of his mother's face when she sat him never to be a cowboy come to him in the moonlight, and he knowed that somehow all would yet be well, and then he must of fainted, and he knowed no more till he woke up in a tent on the plains of Oregon. And they was an old Injun bending over him, and a beautiful Injun maiden was feeling of his pulse, and they says to him:

"Paleface, take hope, for we will doctor you with Siwash Injun Sagraw, which is nature's own cure fur all diseases."

"They done it, and he got well. It had been a secret among them there Injuns for thousands and thousands of years. Any Injun that give away the secret was killed and rubbed off the rolls of the tribe and buried in disgrace upon the plains of Oregon." And the doctor was made a blood brother of the chief and learnt the secret of that medicine. Finally he got the chief to see as it wasn't Christian to hold back that there medicine from the world no longer, and the chief, his heart was softened, and he says to go.

"Go, my brother," he says, "and give to the palefaces the medicine that has been kept secret for thousands and thousands of years among the Siwash Injuns on the plains of Oregon."

And he went. It wasn't that he wanted to make no money out of that there medicine. He could of made all the money he wanted being a doctor in the regular way. But what he wanted was to spread the glad tidings of good health all over this fair land of our'n, he says.

Well, sir, he was a talker, but there doctor was, and he knowed more religious sayings and poetry along with it than any feller I ever hear. He goes on and he tells how awful sick people can manage to get and never know it, and no one else never suspicion it, and live along fur years and years that a-way, and all the time in danger of death. He says it makes him weep when he sees them poor dilapidated fools going around and thinking they is well men, talking and laughing and marrying and giving in to marriage right on the edge of the grave. He sees dozens of 'em in every town he comes to. But they can't fool him, he says. He can tell at a glance who's got Urubiga's disease in their kidneys and who ain't. His own father, he says, was dead sick fur years and years and never knowed it, and the knowledge come on him sudden like, and he died. That was before Siwash Injun Sagraw was ever found out about. Dr. Kirby broke down and cried right there in the wagon when he thought of how his father might of been saved if he was only alive now that that medicine was put up into bottle form, six fur a five dollar bill so long as he was in town, and after that \$2 for each bottle at the drug store.

He unrolled a big chart and the Injun held it by that there gasoline lamp, so all could see, turning the pages now and then. It was a map of a man's inside organs and digestive ornaments and things. They was red and blue, like each organ's own disease had turned it, and some of 'em was taller. And they was a long string of diseases printed in black hanging down from each organ's picture. I never knowed before they was so many diseases nor yet so many things to have 'em in.

Well, I was feeling pretty good when that show started. But the doc he kept looking right at me every now and then when he talked, and I couldn't keep my eyes off'n him.

"Does your heart beat fast when you exercise?" he asks the crowd. "Is your tongue coated after meals? Do your eyes leak when you're asleep? Do you perspire under your arms? Do you ever have a ringing in your ears? Does your stomach hurt you after meals? Does your back ever ache? Do you ever have pains in your legs? Do your eyes blur when you look at the sun? Are your teeth coated? Does your hair come out when you comb it? Is your breath short when you walk upstairs? Do your feet swell in warm weather? Are there white spots on your finger nails? Do you draw your breath part of the time through one nostril and part of the time through the other? Do you ever have nightmares? Did your nose bleed easily when you were growing up? Does your skin fester when scratched? Are your eyes gummy in the mornings? Then," he says, "if you have any or all of these symptoms your blood is bad and your liver is wasting away."

## CHAPTER V.

"A close game of poker."

WELL, sir, I seen I was in a bad way, fur at one time or another I had had most of them there signs and warnins and hadn't heeded 'em, and I had some of 'em yet. I begun to feel kind of sick, and looking at them organs and diseases didn't help me none either. The doctor, he lit out on another string of symptoms, and I had them too. Seems to me I had pretty high everything but fits. Kidney complaint and consumption both had a bolt on me. It was about a even bet which would get me first. I kind of got to wondering which. I figured from what he said that I'd had consumption, the longest while, but my kind of kidney trouble was an awful sly kind, and it was liable to jump in without no warning at all and jest natchurally wipe me out quick. So I sort of bet on the kidney trouble. But I seen I was a gonorr, and I forgave Hank all his ornerness, fur a feller don't want to die holding grudges.

Taking it the bull way through, that was about the best medicine show I ever seen. But they didn't sell much. All the people that had any money was to the circus agin that night. So they sung some more songs and closed early and went into the hotel.

Well, the next morning I'm feeling considerable better and think meebby I'm going to live after all. I got up earlier'n Hank did and slipped out without him seeing me and didn't go nigh the shop at all. Fur now I've licked Hank once I figger he won't rest till he has wiped that disgrace out, and he won't care a dern what he picks up to do it with, neither.

They was a crick about a hundred yards from our house in the woods, and I went over there and laid down and watched it run by. I laid awful still, thinking I wisht I was away from that town. Perty soon a squirrel comes down and sets on a log and watches me. I throwed an acorn at him, and he scooted up a tree quicker'n scatt. And then I wisht I hadn't scared him away, fur it looked like he knowed I was in trouble. Perty soon I takes a swim and comes out and lays there some more, splitting into the water and thinking what shall I do now and watching birds and things moving around and anis working harder'n ever I would agin unless I got better pay fur it and there bere trouble bugs kicking their loads along hind end to.

After awhile it is getting along toward noon, and I'm feeling hungry. But I don't want to have no more trouble with Hank, and I jest lays there. I hear two men coming through the underbrush. I riz up on my elbow to look, and one of them was Dr. Kirby and the other was Loosey, only Loosey wasn't an Injun this morning.

They sets down on the roots of a big tree a little ways off, with their backs toward me, and they ain't seen me. So natchurally I listened to what they was jawing about. They was both kind of mad at the hull world, and at our town in perticular, and some at each other, too. The doctor, he says:

"I haven't had such rotten luck since I played the Roadhound in a Tom show—were you ever an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' artist, Loosey?—and a justice of

the peace over in Iowa sued me 35 for being on the street without a muzzle. Said it was a city ordinance. Talk about the gentle Rube being an easy mark! If these country towns don't get the wandering minstrel's money one way they will another!"

"It's your own fault," says Loosey, kind of sour.

"I can't see it," says Dr. Kirby. "How did I know that all these apple knockers had been filled up with Sykes' Magic Remedy only two weeks ago? I may have been a spiritualistic medium to my mind now and then," he says, "and a time reader, too, but I'm no prophet."

"I ain't talking about the business, doc, and you know it," says Loosey. "We'd be all right and have our horses and wagon now if you'd only stuck to business and not got us into that poker game. Talk about suckers! Doc, for a innu that innu skinned as many of 'em as you have you're the worst sucker yourself I ever saw."

The doctor, he cusses the poker game and country towns and medicine shows and the hull creation and says he is so disgusted with life he guess he'll go and be a preacher or a bearded lady in a side show. But Loosey, he don't cheer up none. He says:

"All right, doc, but it's no use talking. You can talk all right. We all know that. The question is how are we going to get our horses and wagon away from these Rube's?"

I listens some more, and I seen them fellers was really into bad trouble. Dr. Kirby he had got into a poker game at Smith's Palace hotel the night before right after the show. He had won from Jake Smith, which run it, and from the others. But, shucks, it never made no difference what you won in that crowd! They had done Dr. Kirby and Loosey like they always done a drummer or a stranger that come along to that town and was fool enough to play poker with them. They wasn't a chance for an outsider. If the drummer lost they would take his money and that would be all they was to it. But if the drummer got to winning good some one would slip out'n the hotel and tell St Emery, which was the city marshal. And St Emery would get Ralph Scott, that worked fur Jake Smith in his livery stable, and pin a star on to Ralph too. And they would be arrested fur gambling, only them that lived in our town would get away. Which St Emery was always scared every time they done it. Then the drummer, or whoever it was, would be took to the calaboose and spend all night there.

In the morning they would be took before Squire Matthews, that was justice of the peace. They would be fined a big fine, and he would get all the drummer had won and all be had brought to town with him besides. Squire Matthews and Jake Smith and Windy Goodell and Mart Watson, which the two last was lawyers, was always playing that there game on drummers that was fool enough to play poker. Hank, he says he bet they divided it up afterward, though it was supposed them fines went to the town. Well, they played a pretty close game of poker in our little town. It was, jest like the doctor says to Loosey:

"By George," he says, "it is a well nigh perfect thing! If you lose you lose, and if you win you lose."

Well, the doctor, he had started out winning the night before. And St Emery and Ralph Scott had arrested them. And that morning, while I had been laying by the creek and the rest of the town was seeing the fun, they had been took afore Squire Matthews and fined \$125 apiece. The doctor, he tells Squire Matthews it is an outrage, and it ain't legal if tried in a bigger court, and they ain't that much money in the world so fur as he knows, and he won't pay it. But the squire, he says the time has come to teach them traveling fellers as is always running around the country with shows and electric belts and things that they got to stop dreaming that town of hard earned money, and he has decided to make an example of 'em. The only two lawyers in town is Windy and Mart, which has been to in the poker game themselves, the same as always. The doctor says the hull thing is a put up job, and he can't get the money, and he wouldn't if he could, and he'll lay in that town calaboose and rot the rest of his life and eat the town poor before he'll stand it. And the squire says he'll jest take their horses and wagon fur collateral till they make up the rest of the \$250. And the horses and wagon was now in the livery stable next to Smith's Palace hotel, which Jake run that too.

Well, I thinks to myself, it is a dern shame, and I felt sorry fur them two fellows. Fur our town was jest as good as stealing that property. And I felt kind of ashamed of belonging to such a town too. And I thinks to myself I'd like to help 'em out of that scrape. And then I seen how I could do it, and not get took up for it neither.

"Say, Dr. Kirby, I got a scheme!"

They jumps up, too, and they looks at me startled. Then the doctor kind of laughs and says:

"Why, it's the young blacksmith!"

Loosey, he says, looking at me hard and suspicious:

"What kind of a scheme are you talking about?"

"Why," says I, "to get that outfit of yours."

"You've been listening to us," says Loosey. Loosey was one of them quiet looking fellers that never laughed much nor talked much. Loosey, he never made fun of nobody, which the doctor was always doing, and I wouldn't of cared to make fun of Loosey much either.

"Yes," I says, "I been laying here fur quite a spell, and quite natchural I listened to you, as any one else would of done. And mebbe I can get that team and wagon of yours without it costing you a cent."

Well, they didn't know what to say. They asks me how, but I says to leave it all to me. "Walk right along down this here creek," I says, "till you get to where it comes out'n the woods and runs across the road in under an iron bridge. That's about a half a mile east. Jest after the road crosses the bridge it forks. Take the right fork and walk another half a mile and you'll see a little yellow painted school-house setting lone some on a sandhill.

They ain't no school in it now. You wait there fur me," I says, "fur a couple of hours. After that if I ain't there you'll know I can't make it. But I think I'll make it."

They looks at each other, and they looks at me, and then they go off a little piece and talk low, and then the doctor says to me:

"Rube," he says, "I don't know how you can work anything on us that hasn't been worked already. We've got nothing more we can lose. You go to it, Rube." And they started off.

"So I went over town. Jake Smith was setting on the piazza in front of his hotel, chewing and spitting tobacco, with his feet agin the railing like he always done and one of his eyes squinched up and his hat over the other one.

"Jake," I says, "where's that there doctor?"

Jake he spit careful afore he answered, and he pulled his long, scraggly mustache careful, and he squinched his eye at me. Jake was a careful man in everything he done.

"I dunno, Danny," he says. "Why?"

"Well," I says, "Hank sent me over to get that wagon and them hosses of theirs and finish that job."

"That there wagon," says Jake, "is in my barn, with St Emery watching her, and she has got to stay there till the law lets her loose." I aggered to myself Jake could use that team and wagon in his business and was going to buy her cheap off'n the town, what share of her he didn't figger he owned already.

"Why, Jake," I says, "I hope they ain't been no trouble of no kind that has drug the law into your barn?"

"Well, Danny," he says, "there has been a little trouble. But it's about over now, I guess. And that there outfit belongs to the town now."

"You don't say so!" says I, surprised. "When I seen them men last night it looked to me like they was too fine dressed to be honest."

"I don't think they be, Danny," says Jake confidential. "In my opinion they is Jakey bad customers. But they has got on the wrong side of the law now, and I guess they won't stay around here much longer."

"Well," says I, "Hank will be glad."

"Fur what?" asks Jake.

"Well," says I, "because he got his pay in advance for that job, and now he don't have to finish it. They come along to our place about sundown yesterday and we nailed a shoe on one hoss. They was a couple of other boots needed fixing, and the tire on one of the hind wheels was beginning to rattle loose."

I had noticed that loose tire when I was standing by the hind wheel, the night before, and it come in handy now. So I goes on:

"Hank, he allowed he'd fix the hull thing fur six bottles of that Injun medicine. Elmhurst has been ailing lately, and he wanted it fur her. So they handed Hank out six bottles then and there."

"Huh!" says Jake. "So the job is all paid fur, is it?"

"Yes," says I, "and I was expecting to do it myself. But now I guess I'll go fishing instead. They ain't no other job in the shop."

"I'll be damned if you've got time to fish," says Jake. "I'm expecting meebby to buy that rig off the town myself when the law lets loose of it. So if the fixing is paid fur I want everything fixed."

"Jake," says I, kind of worried like, "I don't want to do it without that doctor says to go ahead."

"They ain't his'n no longer," says Jake.

"I dunno," says I, "as you got any right to make me do it, Jake. It don't look to me like it's no harm to beat a couple of fellers like them out of their medicine. And I did want to go fishing this afternoon."

But Jake was that careful and stingy he'd try to skin a hoss twice if it died. He's bound to get that job done now.

"Danny," he says, "you got to do that work. It ain't honest not to. What a young feller like you jest starting out into life wants to remember is to always be honest. Then," says Jake, squinching up his eyes, "people trusts you and you get a good chance to make money. Look at this here hotel and livery stable, Danny. Twenty years ago I didn't have no more'n you've got, Danny. But I always went by them mottoes—hard work and being honest. You got to nail them shoes on, Danny, and fix that wheel."

"Well, all right, Jake," says I, "if you feel that way about it. Jest give me a chew of tobacco and come around and help me hitch 'em up."

St Emery was there asleep on a pile of straw guarding that property. But Ralph Scott wasn't around. St didn't wake up till we had hitched 'em up. He says he will ride around to the shop with me. But Jake says:

"It's all right, St. I'll go over myself and fetch 'em back perty soon."

"Well, sir, they wasn't nothing went wrong. I drove slow through the village and past our shop. Hank come to the door of it as I went past. But I hit them hosses a lick, and they broke into a right smart trot. Elmhurst she come on to the porch, and I waved my hand at her. She put her hand up to her forehead to shut out the sun and jest stared. She didn't know I was waving her farewell. Hank he yelled something at me, but I never heard what. I licked them hosses into a gallop and went around the turn of the road. And that's the last I ever seen or heard of Hank or Elmhurst or that there little town."

## CHAPTER VI.

I Got Some Education.

SLOWED down when I got to the schoolhouse, and both them fellers piled in.

"I guess I better turn north fur about a mile and then turn west, Dr. Kirby," I says, "so as to make a kind of a circle around that town."

"Why so, Rube?" he asks me.

"Well," I says, "he jest it going east, and they'll follow us east, so don't

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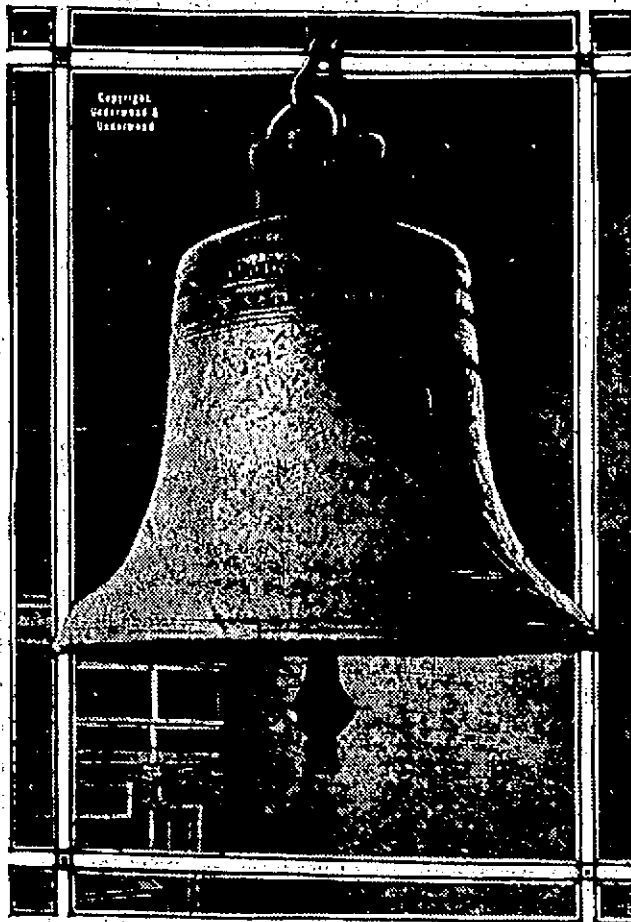






# 1776 THE FOURTH 1913

## THE OLD LIBERTY BELL



Religiously preserved in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is the Liberty Bell which rang to celebrate the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. It was brought from England in 1752 and the next year was recast with the words "Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land, and Unto All the Inhabitants Thereof" inscribed on it. For many years it was rung annually on the Fourth of July, but in 1835, while being tolled in memory of Chief Justice Marshall it was broken. Liberty Bell in past years has been taken to many cities for exhibition, but of late this practice has been abandoned in order that it may be preserved.

## HOW TO CELEBRATE

### Many Cities Join Movement for Same Fourth of July.

Casualty Lists Have Been Greatly Reduced—Fine Example of Proper Observance Set by Springfield, Mass.

**A** REPORT published by the Russell Sage Foundation on "How the Fourth was Celebrated in 1911," gives conclusive proof that the movement inaugurated in many cities for a sane and safe observance of the day resulted in reducing the death toll. The number of casualties by fire and accident was 1,603. In 1909 there were 5,307 victims of their own or another's carelessness. Last year 181 cities made a point of holding safe celebrations, but there remains over 1,100 cities of 5,000 population that have not embraced the reform. It is hoped that this year many other cities and villages will fall in line.

Besides the gain in ridding the day of fire and accidents, the same method of observance has given a larger amount of pleasure to the public and in many localities has been historically instructive as well. In New York city many large celebrations are planned for different centers which will include parades, pageants, historical tableaux, music and speeches by well known men on events and people connected with our national history. Besides the celebrations, devised for our English-speaking residents, there will be special festivals and celebrations in the Italian, Hungarian, Bohemian and Jewish sections of the city where our more newly arrived citizens will hear the history of their adopted land explained in their own tongue and illustrated by stereopticon views or tableaux.

An example of this kind of celebration was set two years ago in Springfield, Mass., at the instance of the settlement workers of that city. It required, to be sure, some time and thought, but the result was a beautiful, poetic and educational holiday with no aftermath of killed and wounded. There were processions, a balloon ascension, games, folk dances, athletic contests, boat races, band concerts and public fireworks—but no crackers.

One of the processions was a thing unique in America. Each nationality in the city was invited to put a float in line. The Pilgrims were there to represent the old American stock; beside them came a huge Viking ship on wheels, sent by the Swedes; English

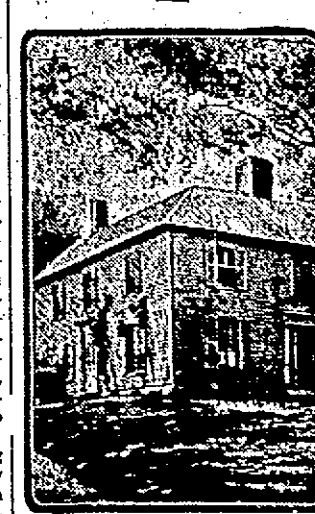
residents put in line a float showing the signing of Magna Charta; the Scotch, Queen Mary, escorted by killed Highlanders; the French Canadians, Champlain in his boat on the St. Lawrence; Greeks, Italians and Irish, Armenians, Poles and negroes all made suitable and interesting contributions to the line. Making a more unifying and citizen making celebration was never seen in America.

## FOUNDED BY RELIGIOUS MEN

Our Nation Owe Its Origin to Those Who Stood in Fear of the Lord.

No student of the philosophy of history will for a moment deny that the discovery and colonization of North America was directed by the guiding hand of Providence, neither will anyone dispute that the Declaration of Independence and the formation of our government were the actions of men who stood in conscious fear of the Lord. Each of the original 13 colonies was established on distinctive and dominant religious principles. Each of them sought to know the will of God, and to do it. In all their discussion of the problems of freedom and in their reasons for independence our fathers made their appeal to God and his truth was written in their hearts. They looked to him as their leader and defender. When liberty came they recognized God as its author-giver, so that the emblem of our freedom was a God-given banner to those who feared him and did all in their power to make his will supreme in the earth.

## MUNROE TAVERN, LEXINGTON



Earl Percy's Headquarters and hospital, April 19, 1775. The Munroe Tavern, built 1695.

## Time Passed.

"I courted my wife three years before I got her," boasted a friend, "and a lot of that was wasted time."  
"Why," we shuddered, "your wife is a most excellent woman."  
"Indeed she is. I can lick the man that says she ain't. But since them dear old days I have discovered that I

## SOUVENIRS OF 1776

### Relics of the Revolution in the National Museum.

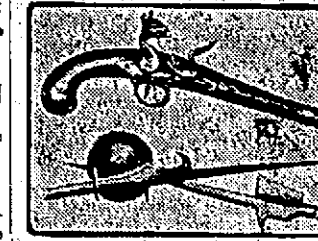
Washington's Clothing, and Camp Equipment and Other Eloquent Reminders of the War That Won Independence.

**A**S THE Fourth of July rolls around each year the story of the winning of American Independence is told and retold in all parts of the land. The heroism and suffering of that terrible conflict are impressed upon the public mind through the various forms of celebration which characterize that day.

But more vivid than any flash of oratory, display of fireworks or patriotic parade is a visit to that section of the National museum at Washington, D. C., where are preserved many notable relics of the War of 1776.

People leading nomadic lives of today can scarcely realize that delicate garments and costly lace of that period of 137 years ago have been kept through so many lifetimes without damage or destruction. Yet no room for doubt is left by the authentic documentary evidence accompanying these precious souvenirs of that colonial struggle.

Not only is the uniform of Gen. George Washington to be seen hanging there in a glass case, but nearby, in a similar enclosure, is the hand-embroidered robe the Father of His Country wore when being christened. The buff of that full dress Continental uniform is as spotless as when the dignified soldier wore it with such grace, and the blue of the coat lacks even a suggestion of being faded. Gazing at it in the position of prominence it occupies at one end of the old museum, one can picture in memory the many stirring scenes and splendid ceremonies through which that costume has passed. And such material evidence of the Revolution make it seem far more real than could any school history or anecdote. A reminder of days when times were hard is a sturdy trunk-shaped camp-chest used throughout the struggle by George Washington. It contains the following:



Crude Cannon Ball and Pistol From a Revolutionary Battlefield.

tain numerous, fork compartments and each knife, tork, spoon, medicine bottle, cup, glass and flask is displayed intact. Even the pewter dishes he ate from and had his cooking done in are arranged about the chest and, most suggestive of the whole homely outfit, is his little bread toaster perched on one end of the chest as if awaiting a long lifeless hand to lift it into place.

Suggestive, somehow, of melancholy evenings in the large brass candlestick and reflector used by General Washington in his tent and wherever he happened to be quartered during the Revolution. A perpendicular brass rod, with heavy round base, supports two branches and back of them rises the polished reflector. By the light from tapers in this holder the future first president pored over warlike plans for outwitting a powerful foe. Also, its rays fell alight the paper on which he wrote his farewell address to the army. Afterward it was a cherished object at Mount Vernon and is in a collection including the general's arm chair and such relics. His leather letter case is well preserved and proves one of the most interesting bits of the collection to visitors.

Aside from anything appertaining to Washington, perhaps the most notable Revolutionary relic is the famous John Paul Jones flag. This has long been a source of controversy among students of history, some of whom claim it is the same tattered emblem of liberty which floated from the flagstaff of the famous Bon Homme Richard, while others insist the material of which it is made was manufactured at a later period.

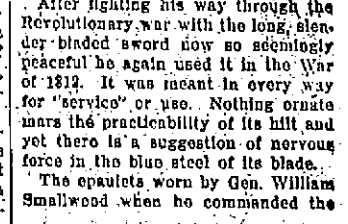
The National museum authorities have made no attempt to prove or contradict its genuineness. But placed conspicuously beside the much worn home-made flag, whose stars are sewed on with big, coarse stitches, is an autographed letter stating that the flag is what it is claimed to be. This yellow and aged, yet easily deciphered, letter was written by the chairman of the Marine committee of the Continental congress to Lieut. James Bayard Blaford in 1784.

He was an officer in the United States navy during the Revolution and displayed great courage and valor in helping to rescue the crew from Paul Jones' ship. The letter states that he is also to have a cullass and musket as mementos of the naval battle and these are shown with the flag.

As well kept and glittering as though they had never done work any more deadly than resting in a burglar-alarm-protected case are the various service swords worn by officers and men of the Revolution. Full dress swords, with handsome scabbards, presented later by states and organizations in recognition of the bravery of the recipients, are arranged in racks so as to display their beautiful workmanship and temporary. Distinguished among them is the service sword carried by Lieut. Benjamin Moores during two wars.

After fighting his way through the Revolutionary war with the long, slender-bladed sword now so seemingly peaceful he again used it in the War of 1812. It was meant in every way for "service" or use. Nothing ornate mars the practicality of its hilt and yet there is a suggestion of nervous force in the blue steel of its blade.

The epaulet worn by Gen. William Smallwood when he commanded the

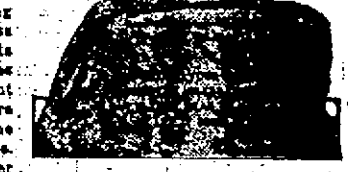


Wooden Canteen, Insignia, Shoe Buckles of Charles Carrollton, and a Pair of Pistols Used in the Revolutionary War.

Maryland line of the Continental army at the Battle of Brooklyn Heights are treasured there. And a large metal tray, which has descended from father to son since the Revolution, is the chief object of interest in one of the cases. This has a dull brown surface against which a group of hand-painted peaches still retain their red coloring. It was once used for serving refreshments at an important gathering of Continental officers, near Concord, Mass., when one of the big movements of a battle were planned out.

And even the average person who fails to thrill over inanimate objects can scarcely look unmoved at a wooden canteen which is one of the humblest exhibits in the display. It was the property of John Paulding, one of the trio which captured Major Andre, of the British army. About the oldest garment in the section of the museum given over to such war relics is a vividly red coat. Its collar and cuffs and inset waistcoat are of the brilliant yellow, or deep buff. It is lavishly ornamented with silver braid and trimmed with silver buttons and is, altogether, such a gaudy, conspicuous affair that a modern young man would rather face a regiment than wear it abroad.

Its first owner, Capt. Eli Dagworthy, died both appearing in it as an officer in the French and Indian wars prior to the Revolution. He was elder brother of a Dagworthy who became an officer in the Continental army and also won distinction. But it is not recorded that he could ever be disarmed from the fascination of his "red coat."



## SQUIBS AND CRACKERS

A man may exhibit a broad flag and still be a poor patriot.

If a man is honest there is no need to worry about his patriotism.

A dog hiding under a shed is a poor sign of a glorious shed.

Next to a beautiful girl, the American flag is the prettiest thing in the world.

Every man ought to be proud of his country, and no man should be too proud to work for it.

"When in the course of human events" and "Oh, say, can you see" are about as far as some people ever get in their patriotic outbursts.

Having a spirited horse and riding your wife and children out taking where the automobiles are thick is one of the poorest ways in which to celebrate the nation's natal day.

Ebe—"What did papa say when you asked him for my hand?"  
He—"He didn't say anything; he seemed to think that actions speak louder than words."

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## The FLAG

Your flag and my flag, we view it with tear-dimmed eyes;  
Your flag and my flag, and the fairest beneath the skies!  
Your flag and my flag, it matters not how long ago—  
Your flag and my flag, wherever it proudly flies.  
Your flag and my flag, and brotherhood's sacred ties;  
Your flag and my flag, one purpose within us lies.  
We are brothers in deed, we are brothers in name,  
And as brothers one glorious banner we claim.  
Your flag and my flag, wherever it proudly flies,  
Your flag and my flag, wherever it proudly flies.  
Your flag and my flag, wherever a foe may rise;  
Your love and my love, together its stars we prize.  
We are brothers in blood and in sinew and bone,  
And our dearest affection shall ever be shown  
For your flag and my flag, wherever it proudly flies.  
—S. E. Kiser.

## IN GOOD OLD DAYS

### Noisemaking Devices Weren't Used a Century Ago.

How the Fourth of July, 1812, Was Celebrated, According to the Newspapers of the Period.

**O**NE of the most interesting features in connection with the safe and sane method of celebrating the Fourth of July now being that it denotes a return to the good old days of our ancestors when the anniversary of Independence was honored with apparently little noise, but with a great deal of parading, considerable oratory, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, closing with numerous dinners and the drinking of as many toasts as there were states in the Union.

Fire crackers, cap pistols and other noisemaking devices which have caused so many of the injuries following in the wake of the national holiday, were unknown a century ago. There was sufficient incentive then to make the biggest kind of a racket. The country was engaged in a second war with England, and the younger generation, with the example of the Revolutionary veterans before them, might have been excused had they given vent to noisy demonstrations.

According to the newspapers of the time, however, the celebration of July 4, 1812, was conducted in a very orderly way. The phrase "safe and sane" was not used in describing the events of the day. Their substitutes a century ago were "genteel" or "respectable." One of the early celebrations at Princeton was thus described:

The flag belonging to the town was displayed opposite the front of the college. At 11 o'clock a gentleman company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the college hall, where they were agreeably entertained by two excellent orations suitable to the occasion.

How safe the Fourth was in New York 100 years ago may be judged from one of the newspaper accounts, which says:

We are happy to state that no evil accident happened, and that the greatest order and tranquillity were maintained through the day and evening.

The Fourth of July, 1812, was opened with the raising of the Stars and Stripes over all the public buildings and on the shipping in the harbor. At ten o'clock the militia, with the members of the Tammany society, the Tailors, Hibernians, Provident, Columbian and Manhattan societies, with the cordwainers, shipwrights and other trades, met in the park in front of the city hall, which had lately been finished. There they drew up in order of parade, and after a national salute had been fired by the veterans of the Revolution, they marched down Broadway to Beaver street to Broad, up Pearl to Beekman, where, at the corner of Gold street, the assemblage entered St. George's church. The services consisted of a prayer, reading of the Declaration of Independence, never omitted in the old-time celebrations, and an oration by Samuel B. Romaine, one of the Tammany Sachems.

Earlier in the day the military organizations of the city were reviewed on the Battery park by Generals Stevens, Bloomfield and Morton, and they marched up Broadway to Chambers street, down Chambers to Greenwich street, and back to the Battery, where, it is stated, "after going through several military maneuvers, they were dismissed."

Sadie was eleven and Alice seven. At lunch Alice said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"  
"Of course not," answered Sadie. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"  
—Little Chronicle.

## Remember

Get the glowing punk and the crackler out,  
Let the loud torpedo beetle boom;  
Flutter the banner and bravely shout,  
Give to the screaming old world room.  
Toll the wooden bell, let the world once more  
Of its glory we claim and our strength and pride;  
Let the shout be echoed from shore to shore  
And welled o'er prairie and mountain side;  
Let the folds of our glorious flag be tossed  
High o'er the heads of unshackled men—  
But don't forget that the hand that is lost  
Will never grow on your wrist again.

Shout of the glory our ancestors won,  
Let the Declaration be proudly read;  
Tear a hole through the roof with the rusty run,  
Cause the dogs to bite or the flies to breed.  
Let the cars and the kites of the world be told  
Of the pride and the strength of a free-born race,  
Let the world sing as it rang of old,  
Make the land we claim an uproarious place!  
Shout and shout all the glorious day,  
Whop of the guitars of free-born men—  
But remember the pose that is apt away  
Will never grow on your face again.  
—S. E. Kiser.

## LARGEST OF OFFICIAL FLAGS

Mammoth Banner Hangs in the Middle of the Post Office Building at Washington.

If patriotism were measured by the yards of red, white and blue bunting made into the form of the flag of the nation, the biggest assignment of it would be found in the post office building at Washington, for here hangs the biggest official flag that was ever made, although there are larger unofficial flags. It also was made at the little flagshop on the side street. The building which houses the headquarters of the postal service and keeps its finger on the pulse of all Uncle Sam's mails, boasts this mammoth flag.

The great building is constructed about a hollow square at the bottom of which is the glass-roofed floor space where the local mail is handled. Above this rise eight or nine stories of masonry including the hollow square. In the middle of this hangs the great flag reaching nearly the height and width of it. It is solitary and alone, with but the masonry as a background. It is impressive so hung and people come far to see it, and the idle passerby is often brought to attention and stands in unconscious admiration.

## FIRST STARS AND STRIPES

It Appeared Over the Headquarters of General Washington at Cambridge, Mass.

The stars and stripes first appeared floating over the headquarters of Gen. George Washington, on the heights of Cambridge, near Boston, on January 2, 1776. This is a fact which is not usually impressed upon the minds of the children in our public schools. With that fact the children should also be impressed with the co-ordinate and correlative fact that the flag was made originally under the direction and under the military orders of George Washington; and that it contained in every fold the personal defiance of British rule by George Washington himself.

The Difference.  
"What is the difference between a politician and a patriot?"  
"The politician wants to make money at it."

Celebrated Judiciously.  
"Some of the greatest men this country has ever produced succeeded in retaining all their fingers."

"You had better be careful when you go out this morning," said Mrs. Simpson. "There's ice all over the front steps."  
"Yes," replied her husband. "I expect it's my fault. When I came to I upset a milk bottle."—New York World.

A visitor to the south had started out early one morning to see the sunrise from the top of a neighboring hill, when she met an old negro woman walking briskly toward her with a basket of clothes balanced on her head.  
"Why, aunty," asked the visitor, "where are you going so early?"  
"Lawdy, miser, I's done been where I've gwine."—Saturday Evening Post.

"You ought to drink so much liquor. Why don't you drink water?"  
"Water? Water? Never heard of it!"  
"You know what water is. It—"  
"Oh, yes, I know. They use it to put under bridges, don't they?"

Ebe—"What did papa say when you asked him for my hand?"  
He—"He didn't say anything; he seemed to think that actions speak louder than words."





## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief and to the point as possible. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1918.

## NOTES.

Probate matter in Newport Town Council Records, restored volume 8.—E. M. T.

Ingraham, John, Jr. Newport Mariner, Adm. to John Ingraham and Wm. Minor (1789)—p. 87-89. Inventory presented July 2, 1789.—p. 40. Jacob, John Owen, Newport, Musician. Inventory taken Feb. 18, 1789.—p. 78.

James, John. Guardianship, to mother Elizabeth James, widow of Joseph, Sep. 1, 1740.—p. 100. James, [Joseph] Adm. to brother William James at request of widow Elizabeth, Sep. 3, 1789.—p. 62. Inventory presented Sep. 6, 1789.—p. 63.

James, Sarah. Guardianship, to mother Elizabeth James, widow of Joseph, Sep. 1, 1740.—p. 100. James, William. Examination, in regard to will of—p. 210.

Jones, Thomas. Jameson's Office—geon. Will, Date gone. Rec. Sep. 10, 1741. Executor, Charles Hardin.—p. 177. Adm. granted (rec) Nov. 8, 1741.—p. 222.

Jones, Thomas. Inventory presented Jan. 1, 1741. Meribah Jones testified.—p. 159. Adm. granted to widow Meribah, July 6, 1741.—p. 166.

Japson, Joseph. Newport Sugar boyler, Will dated Mar. 18, 1741. Rec. Oct. 8, 1741. Executor, son, Samuel Japson.—p. 198. Inventory, Rec. Oct. 8, 1741.—p. 194. Adm. granted Oct. 8, 1741.—p. 194.

Kay, Ann. Newport widow of Nathaniel, Will dated—14. Presented at Council meeting Apr. 17, 1740. Executors, brothers, John, Jethro and Nathaniel. Hub (ward)—p. 69. Adm. granted Apr. 17, 1740.—p. 91. Inventory, Apr. 21, 1740.—p. 91.

Kay, Account May 20, 1741.—p. 164. Lancelotti, Sarah. Newport widow, Will, Date gone. Rec. Mar. 12, 1740.—1. Executor, grandson, Peter.—p. 140. Adm. Peter Bourne, executor named to will, Mar. 2, 1740.—p. 141.

Langworthy, Lawrence. Newport Pawler, Will dated Oct. 19, 1789. Rec. Dec. 4, 1789. Executor, son, Southwell Langworthy.—p. 64. Lawton, John. Newport, Account, by Adam Hunt, Dec. 8, 1740.—p. 129, 132.

Lawton, John. Account, by Geo. Lawton, executor.—8, 1741.—p. 160. Martin, Elizabeth. Dau. of Wm. Gibbs, dec. Adm. to husband, James Martin July 8, 1786.—p. 18.

Mew, Richard, son of Richard, dec. Meribah, Guardianship, to Wm. Sturges of Beaufort, Mar. 2, 1741.—p. 176-187. Plymouth Co. Probate.

Munday, Richard. Newport Housewright, Will, dated—1789. Rec. Nov. 6, 1789. Executor, wife, Elizabeth.—p. 81. Adm. Nov. 6, 1789.—p. 66. Inventory taken Nov. 10, 1789.—p. 66-67.

Needham, John. Newport Mariner. Inventory presented Mar. 2, 1740.—p. 130. Norton, Henry. Island of Tortola, Adm. to Jeremiah Clarke, Nov. 23, 1740.—p. 117. Inventory, Nov. 20, 1740.—p. 118.

Ormsby, John. Inventory presented Oct. 6, 1740.—p. 116. Widow Alice returned administration Granted to Ebenezer Richards, Oct. 8, 1740.—p. 115. Octoro, Richard. (Died in Cork, Ireland, Dec. 1789) Adm. to John Wright, Aug. 11, 1740.—p. 107. Inventory Aug. 9, 1740.—p. 107.

Pekham, Joshua. Inventory taken Dec. 7, 1741. Shown by Ruth Pekham.—p. 212. Pelham, Edward. Newport. Adm. to widow Arabella and John Danneiler, July 8, 1740.—p. 99. Widow, Arabella, now Holman, desired to give account.—p. 201.

Pelham, Edward. Will, Date gone. Presented at meeting—Executor, Arabella [now Holman] John—James Martin and John Danneiler.—p. 211-222.

Pelham, Edward. Inventory taken Oct. 21, 1740. Shown by widow Arabella.—p. 162. Pelham, Elizabeth. Dau. of Edward, gent. dec. Guardianship, to Nicholas Easton, Esq., July 8, 1740.—p. 88.

Phillips, William. Inventory (Fragment) taken Nov. 23, 1741. Phillips, William. Newport Housecarpenter. Adm. to wife Mary and brother Benjamin, Nov. 2, 1741.—p. 203.

Pinder, Daniel. Will dated Oct. 20, 1741. Rec. Dec. 23, 1741.—p. 215-216. Inventory Dec. 14, 1741.—p. 215. Shown by dau. Elizabeth Sutton, executrix.—p. 216.

Potter, William. Will dated June 15, 1739. Rec. June 27, 1739.—p. 31. Memorandum in regard to will.—p. 33. Potter, William. Account ordered made by widow of William son wife of—William of Stonington, Conn. Nov. 2, 1741.—p. 210.

Potter, [William] Will, Rec. Dec. 6, 1738. Executor, John Earl of Portsmouth, and wife Prudence Potter.—p. 21-24. Inventory Nov.—1738.—p. 22.

Powell, Giles. Island of Tortola, Merchant, Adm. to Capt. Geo. Winton, Nov. 5, 1739.—p. 61. Rosato, Ann. Dau. of Edward & Elizabeth, Guardianship to David Melvil, barber, Mar. 23, 1739.—p. 80. David Melvil discharged. Daniel Rosato appointed Mar. 4, 1740.—1.

Rosson, Edward. Inventory, Rec. Jan. 8, 1735.—p. 1. Adm. to, widow Elizabeth, Dec. 1, 1735.—p. 2. Scott, James. Newport Mariner. Inventory taken Jan. 30, 1740.—p. 137. Adm. to, Sarah Cowe, widow, Feb.—1740.—p. 137.

Smith, Thomas. "gone out of this Town for a Conscience"—Adm. (Fragment) to Jonathan Thurston and Jeremiah Clarke.—p. 138. Stanton, John. Newport Shipwright,

Will dated Feb. 23, 1740. Record gone. Executor, wife, Ann, p. 143. Inventory presented Apr. 6, 1811.—p. 145. Steven, John. Will, date gone. Rec. Nov.—1736.—p. 18. Steven, Mary. Newport, Inventory taken March 5, 1739-40.—p. 85. Sutton, Joshua. Inventory, presented March 29, 1740.—p. 81. Tawell, Samuel. Inventory, presented May 8, 1740. Shown by widow Hart, p. 92. Thurston, Latham. Account, 6-7-1740.—p. 100. Townsend, Josiah. End of will, Dated July 12, 1739. Rec. Dec. 5, 1739. p. 71. Inventory taken Dec. 11, 1739.—p. 74.

Tripp, Othello. Inventory taken May 10, 1741.—p. 218. Adm. to Mary Tripp and Othello Tripp, Dec. 7, 1741.—p. 214.

Trott, Barbara. Newport widow, Will, Dated March 4, 1739. Executor, friend Sarah Leach of Newport, widow.—p. 84. Inventory, presented Apr. 7, 1740.—p. 85. Adm. granted Apr. 1740.—p. 86.

Troutbridge, John. Newport. Account by Ruth [Troutbridge] July 8, [1740]—p. 97. Underwood, Hannah. Dau. of Wm. Guardianship, to John Walker of Newport, Halibaker.—5, 1735.—p. 8. Wallen, James. Son of Phebe Wallen, dec. Guardianship, to James Leach, Oct. 6, 1740.—p. 114.

Wallen, Phebe. Newport Widow, Will, Dated Aug. 29, 1740. Executor, dau. Elizabeth Wallen.—p. 112. Inventory, Oct. 8, 1740.—p. 116. Wanton, Benjamin. Newport Mariner, Will dated Mar. 30, 1789. Rec. Oct. 8, 1741. Executor, wife Mary.—p. 191. Adm. granted Oct. 6, 1741.—p. 192.

Wauton, John. Newport Esq. Will dated June 17, 1740. Rec. July 14, 1740. Executor, son James Wauton. Overseers, Ebenezer. Gideon Wauton Esq. and Edward Scott, schoolmaster, p. 90. Workman, Samuel. Newport Carpenter, Will, dated Nov.—1789. Rec.—8, 1789. Executors, son, and wife Martha, p. 26. Adm. granted Jan. 8, 1790.—p. 27.

Wiguel, Elizabeth. Guardianship, to Elizabeth Hammond, Nov. 1, 1736.—p. 17. Williams, John. Son of Paul Williams, who is gone and left his children. Guardianship, to Stephen Hockey, Newp. Shipcarpenter, Oct. 5, 1741. Mother of Paul (Elizabeth) petitioned.—p. 206. Williams, Paula. dau. of Paul Williams, who is gone and left his children. Guardianship, to Stephen Hockey, Newp. Shipcarpenter, Oct. 5, 1741. Mother of Paul (Elizabeth) petitioned.—p. 206.

Yea, Seth. Inventory, Taken July 6, 1741.—p. 182. Concluded.

## Queries.

7416. BURTON—Ancestry wanted of Mary, wife of John Burton (William) of Massachusetts, R. I. She married second, Benjamin Steele.—F. T. H.

7418. BURTON—Ancestry wanted of Mary, of John Burton (John William) of Massachusetts, R. I. She died Sept. 9, 1763.—F. T. H.

7517. CARR, VAUGHAN. Authority wanted for statement that Vaughan was the son of Mary, wife of Gar Ouel Carr of Newport, R. I.—F. T. H.

7418. CHASE—Name and ancestry wanted of wife of William Chase (William) of Yarmouth, Mass. He was born 1622 and died 1685.—F. T. H.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown, of Providence, have been spending the week with the latter's brother, Mr. William W. Anthony and family.

News has been received from Dr. Francis P. Conway, who sailed on steamship Philadelphia for France June 13th. He reports having a fine voyage.

Mr. Edward C. Faulkner conducted the service at the Friends' Church on Sunday morning. Rev. James M. Estes, the pastor, who was attending the Yearly Meeting in Providence returned in time for the evening service.

David Albro has returned from the University of Vermont and is spending the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gilbert Albro of Uman's Lane.

Mrs. Emma Gifford, of Riverside, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. William B. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Hall are at their summer home, "Sunset Hill Farm," Bristol Ferry Road, for the season.

Closing exercises were held at Bristol Ferry School under the direction of the teacher, Mrs. Rachel Smith. Several guests were present. Those taking part were, Agnes Brown, Eva Perry, Anna Sisson, Joseph Francis, Joseph Beardsley, Evelyn Howell, Sarah Sisson, Ernest Rice, Bertha Howell, Adelbert Rice, Georgianna Rose, Ruth Hedy, Georgianna Perry. The schoolroom was prettily decorated with flowers.

Aquidneck Royal Arch Chapter, A. F. & A. M., enjoyed a clambake at South Farm, prepared by Walter F. Dyer. About one hundred and fifty attended the bake.

Mr. Stuart F. Bishop, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Freeborn, of Power street, has gone to Old Orchard, Maine.

The annual lawn party of St. Paul's Church will be held on July 16th.

The estate of Lorenzo D. Tallman on East Main road, near Park avenue, was sold at public auction to Lawyer Frank Pease, of Fall River.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held a special meeting with Mrs. Perry G. Randall.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cooke entertained a party of about 30 guests at the fifth anniversary of their marriage. There was music and games, principally whist. Refreshments were served.

## Its Route.

"Why don't you get some labels on your suit case, to show where it's been?" "The pawnbrokers don't furnish labels."

## Close Proximity.

May we venture to offer the hint that the phrase "close proximity," which seems to have acquired a certain vogue, is slightly tautological?

## The Savings Bank of Newport

(INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.)

## NOTICE.

The laws of Rhode Island require Savings Banks to publish in the month of July, 1913, a list of depositors whose books have not been presented at the bank within twenty years prior to June 30, 1913.

To avoid such publication, depositors and custodians of bank books are requested to present them at the bank to be written up.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

## VUDOR PORCH SHADES

NOT ONLY MAKE YOUR PORCH

## Cool by Day

but cool adjoining rooms and give you by night a perfect

## SLEEPING PORCH

Are you working your porch to its limit?

Sleep on it. Eat on it. Live on it. VUDORIZE IT.

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Your Telephone Expert.

THE switchboard operator who answers your telephone call has a mission in life—her mission is to serve you. She has at her finger tips the most modern telephone equipment in the world. Quickness, accuracy and courtesy are her essential qualifications.

Frequently, she is called upon to act quickly in emergencies when courage and presence of mind are required.

It is an essential to good telephone service that each Bell Telephone operator should be healthy and happy, as it is that every part of that great inter-communicating system should be in good working order.

In the Bell system 70,000 operators make connections which furnish clear tracks for 26,000,000 telephone talks each day.



## Providence Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

## Playgrounds at Sea

Is different from any other summering place you've ever seen. There is such a charm about the summer life at sea that you want to go there again.

An ideal life, combining the delights of seashore and country, awaits you in these off-shore islands.

## Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket

These islands are a summer paradise for children. Here they may learn to swim in sea waters delightfully tempered by the influence of the Gulf Stream. They will learn to row and sail a boat.

Descriptive booklet of either of these islands sent free. Address Vacation Bureau at Room 1263, South Station, Boston, Mass.

New York, New Haven &amp; Hartford Railroad

## Strange.

"Do you think there is anything unlucky about the number thirteen?" "I know there is. I paid that for a suit of clothes once, and they did not wear well at all."

## Evidently John Wasn't Foxy.

John Fox never named any of his heroines Fritzi; and now he probably knows the reason why.—St. Louis Times.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "did you say those blue clips were worth a dollar apiece?"

"Yes." "Well, here is a whole boxful that I got for 98 cents, with some other colors brown in."—Washington Star.

"You can't tell me there is no beauty in the world."

"How now?" "I saw a box of cigars somewhere the other day. Somebody found it, smoked one and returned the rest."

To be true rich husbands, thinners, constipation, use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

## SEAMEN FIGHT SEA'S RUSH

Battleship Louisiana is Saved by Bravery of Her Crew

Newport, R. I., July 3.—The bravery of the engine room crew of the battleship Louisiana helped the vessel out of a dangerous predicament when a valve bonnet blew off, flooding the starboard engine room with water. Incredibly the accident gave Captain Poole, who was dismissed by the naval "plucking board" two days ago, and who retires today, a memorable experience at the end of his long years of service.

Swirling waters carried men off their feet, forced them against the machinery, threatened to drown them, but they stuck to their work. At times the sea in the engine room rose to a height of six feet, but still the officers and men worked on, now swimming a few strokes, now grasping a bar or wheel overhead. Pumps had been started, but the water continued to pour in in greater volume than could be disposed of.

After a long struggle the pumps disposed of more water than was entering, and then the battling force was able to crawl into the hole a waste can, heavily packed. This was lashed securely, and the threatened water was stopped.

## CRUSADE AGAINST MOTHS

Embargo Against Trees From Infested Territory in New England

Washington, July 2.—The department of agriculture launched a crusade against the gypsy and brown-tail moths. In the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the moths have worked havoc to vegetation, especially to vines and trees.

To prevent a spread of this pest the department prohibits the shipping of plants, shrubs, trees or the products of trees from the infested territory.

Shipments will be permitted of stock which is inspected by the state board of agriculture and given a clean bill.

## VETERAN RESENTS

## ABUSE OF LINCOLN

## Free Fight Follows, in Which Seven Men Are Stabbed

Gettysburg, Pa., July 3.—Seven men were stabbed last night in a fight in the dining room of the Gettysburg hotel, as a result of a fight which started when several men around the anger of an old veteran by abusing Lincoln.

Several of the wounded men are in a serious condition. The state constabulary are making efforts to find the men who did the stabbing.

According to all the information the authorities could gather, the fight started suddenly and was over in a few minutes. It began when the dining room was full of people and caused a panic among the scores of guests.

The old veteran, who was unhurt and disappeared in the melee, heard the slightest remarks about Lincoln. He jumped to his feet and began to defend the martyred president and berated his detractors. The men who were stabbed jumped to the defense of the veteran when the others closed in.

Knives were out in a second and the room was in an uproar. It was all over before the rest of the men in the room could get their breath, and the men responsible for it all had got away.

## Army Airman Killed

Paris, July 3.—Captain Rey of the French army was killed and his companion, a private of the engineers' corps, probably fatally injured when the military biplane in which they were flying above Belton capsize and crashed to the ground.

## Newport National Bank.

A semi-annual dividend of four and one-half per cent has been declared payable on or after July 1, 1918.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

## Carr's List.

The Old Adam,

By Arnold Bennett,

Child of Storm,

By Rider Haggard,

Zone Policeman 38,

By Harry Franck,

The Apple of Discord,

By Henry C. Rowland,

The Gloved Hand,

By Burton E. Stevenson.

-SHEP THAMES ST.

TEL. 63.

## ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka

Harness

Oil

Mica

Axle

Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

SITUATION WANTED by painter. (PH. 1st page.) First class painter and decorator. Five years in Boston. Has 10 years experience. Will and can do any kind of painting. Write to Mr. J. W. Stevens, 100 Main St., Boston, Mass.

Address E. W. Stevens, Jr., 100 Main St., Boston, Mass.

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## You Want a Howering Water Lavatory Without Plumbing

A modern, compact lavatory for rooms when there is no plumbing connection. This fixture takes the place of the old-fashioned commode and is a perfect water lavatory for use in any room. It is a perfect lavatory for use in any room. It is a perfect lavatory for use in any room.

## The Whole Story in A Nut Shell.

The House Laundry Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to run, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slip over, may be moved from place to place. Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Rooming house or summer cottage.

## "So Handy and So Clean."

That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she turns on the water for the first time into the basin of a newly installed House Laundry Lavatory. Ask for information and get free booklet, write today.

225 Main St. 103

GORDON CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

## Notice

## Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

## STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS.

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